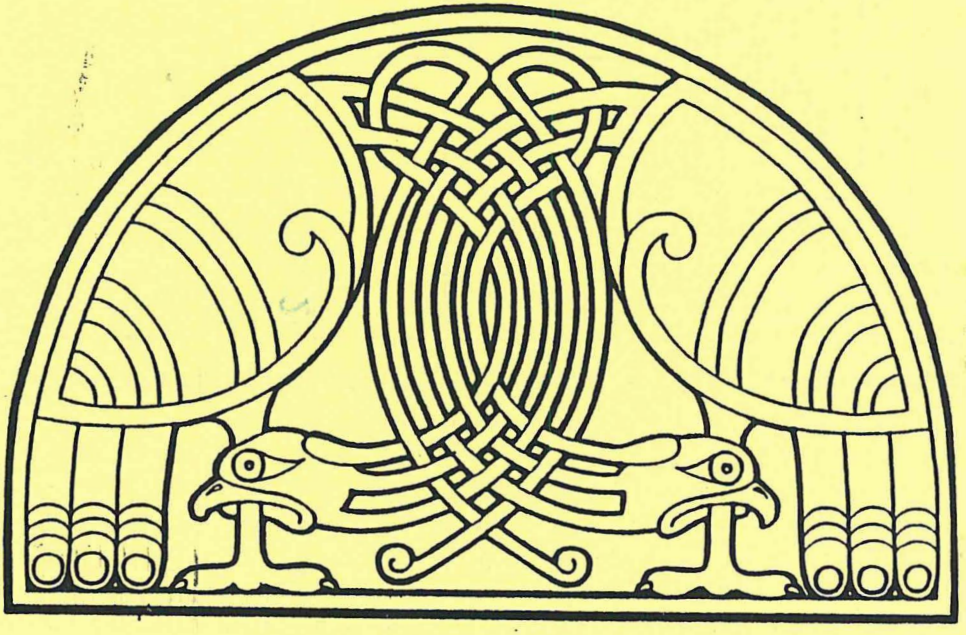
THE DORINDA

July



A&S XXVIII

Officers of the Shire

Seneshal

Don Alexander Lerot d'Avigne, c/o Jeff Berry
3000 Colorado #106-B, Boulder, CO 80303
Home: (303) 442-0959 **Work: (303) 497-1347**
e-mail nexus@ncar.ucar.edu

Lady Elizabeth O'Byrne, c/o Karen Teel
1473 Dunsford Way, Broomfield, CO 80020
Home: (303) 465-6131

Herald

Alyce Brown

Reeve

Lady Francesca di Pavia / Meg Baron
4520 Starboard Ct. , Boulder, CO 80027
Home: 581-9814

Knight Marshall

Iarla Irel Krist of Starry Inn, c/o Bryan Starry
244 S Cleveland Ave, Louisville, CO 80027
Home: (303) 666-9690

Chronicler

Brannwyn Ottersby c/o Wynn Kloskey
2300 Arapahoe No. 102
Boulder CO 80302

Arts and Sciences

Lady Marged, c/o Mary Denise Smith
2888 Bluff # 287
Boulder CO, 80301

Hospitaller and Students for Creative Anachronism

Lady Rhiannon merch Iorwerth, c/o Theresa Pauley
Home: (303) 786-3456 pauley@ucsu.colorado.edu

List Mistress

Lady Katya Ana Sylvan, c/o Catherine Bajc
480 West St., Louisville, CO 80027
Home: 665-7796

Quartermaster

Mistress Elizabeth Freemountain, c/o D. Elizabeth Robinson
3185 Folsom St., Boulder CO 80304
Home (303) 442-3421 Work: (303) 443-3350

Unto the populace of Caer Galen,
Alexandre Lerot d'Avigne sends greetings,

I have two subjects to address in this letter; one procedural, and the other only sort of procedural.

First, it has been decided that all event announcements for inclusion in the Outlandish Herald need to be passed through the Seneschal's Office. This step is being taken to insure that all the needed information is included in the announcement.

The information that is needed includes: name of groups (Caer Galen), to whom to make out the checks (SCA-Caer Galen), directions to the site, status of the site (wet, dry, etc.), schedule where possible, dates and so on.

My second topic is Letters of Recommendation. What exactly is a letter of recommendation, you may ask? Simply put it is a letter sent to the crown asking that a person be recognized for some achievement. These letters are important! The Crown cannot be everywhere and see everything, thus the people in the area are the ones who see each others actions and who must take steps to inform the Crown. Indeed, in some sense it is the duty of the populace to notify the Crown of persons worthy of their notice. These letters are the main method by which the Crown, especially if it is distant, is made aware of these people.

Who can write these letters? Anyone! Anyone who feels that some person is deserving of some sort of recognition is encouraged to write a letter to the Crown, outlining why this is so. After you write it, show it to some people, and get them to add their signatures, thus creating a petition of sorts.

Isn't that what peers are for? Sure. It's also what anyone else is for. Peers are not all seeing and all knowing, and there are a great many people in our shire.

Let me stress again, anyone can write a letter. You do not need to be a peer, or even an armiger.

For what awards should I write these letters? Anyone at all. If you honestly believe that someone is deserving of any award, including a peerage, write a letter saying so.

To conclude let me simply say this. The high estate that is Kingship in the SCA is difficult job. One of its duties is to see that deserving persons are recognized for their worth. By writing a letter of recommendation, one may take part of that burden upon oneself and lessen it for the Crown. That reason alone should be sufficient to urge one to take pen in hand.

Alexandre

GREETINGS UNTO THE POPULACE FROM THE SHIRE HERALD:

Due to mundane constraints, I must regretfully inform you that I must turn my office over to my deputy, Alyce Brown. She will be taking over at Outlands Rapier Collegium II. I know it has been short, but it has also been alot of fun. Thanks to Francesca and Loui-Phillippe for the help they have given me. I'm sure Alyce will have just as much fun.

The following is a list of status of submissions:

Katya Ana Sylvan - Device passed Congratulations!

AT LAUREL:
Veronica Brannick (device change)
Lyn o Penllyn (name and device)
Nikodemus of Axemoor (name)
Rhiannon merch Iowerth, Household (name and device)
Rudeger Gunther Marenholtz (badge)
Domenico Bonaugurio (name and device)
Illeana de Castaneda (name and device)

This month's heraldry meeting will be on the third Tuesday, July 20 from 7-9pm. This will be the last meeting at my house. Please call in advance if you plan to attend. Look in next month's Dorinda for the location of the August meeting. My number is 494-5854.

Adieu

Lady Nicolette

From the Chronicler

The July issue of the Dorinda is my last.. Brannwyn Ottersby (Wynn Elizabeth Kloskey) will be the new chronicler. My thanks both to her and to Iarla Irel who will be helping her learn the ropes on the August issue. I am sure his experience and her skill and enthusiasm will produce an excellent newsletter. Please forward all submissions to her address, written on the officers page of the Dorinda.

Seoduwyn

University of Caerthe

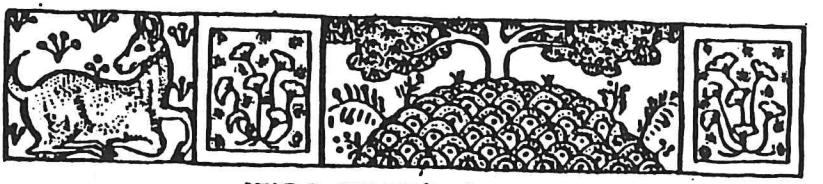
Instead of our usual presentation this month, we are providing a videotape of the PBS series on the Renaissance for the Garden Party on July 17. (See the article in this issue..) Next month Lady Rhiannon Wild Heart will talk to us about William the Conqueror and in September Lady Aurora Gellybary will tell us about "Gypsies".

Renaissance Garden Party

A new day is dawning! Come out into the sunshine and discuss the marvelous paintings of Michelangelo, the clever inventions of da Vinci, the latest discoveries of Galileo. The party will run from noon to 5:00 on Saturday, July 17, at Salamander Manor, Mistress Bernice's home. Bring finger food for the potluck table, and beer or wine if you like; non-alcoholic drinks will be provided.

As and added attraction for your enlightenment and pleasure, there will be a display of moving paintings (produced, I believe, by that new invention, the camera obscura) depicting the works of five types of people who together shaped the Renaissance. Each episode will begin on the hour, starting at noon with The Scientist, followed by The Dissenter, The Prince, The Artist, and finishing at 4:00 with The Warrior. These hour-long pageants were produced for us by PBS (Period Bardic Seminars.)

Mistress Bernice lives at 3495 Newland Street, WheatRidge.. For further information, call Mistress Bernice, 233-9558, or Master Robin Vinehall, 444-5004.



IT'S A SWORDED AFFAIRE

July 9-11

Soon, in a grassy meadow north of al-Barran the hills will come alive with the sound of swordplay. Com good folk one and all to the annual Sworded Affaire. This year the Affaire will be a camping event featurin both light and heavy weapons tourneys on the weekend of July 9-11. The schedule will be as follows:

July 9: Site opens noon
Laundry list tourney 7 o'clock

July 10: Heavy weapons plunder tourney 9 o'clock
Pick your poison tourney 10 o'clock
Escort tourney 2 o'clock
Bear pit tourney (heavy weapons) 5 o'clock
Duel by Lantern Light (after sundown)
Also on Saturday evening there shall be a contest for the most sworded tale

July 11: Gang plank tourney 9 o'clock

There will be a feast of sorts Saturday night consisting of smoked brisket and roasted fowl. It would be appreciated if everyone could bring a side dish (with enough to share for 3-4 people). There will be court held at Their Majesties' convenience. For further information call:

James (the Autocrat) (505) 255-6825
or Wolfgang (assistant Autocrat) (505) 266-0329
or write to the autocrat c/o Jim Gillentine, 913 Ortiz NE, Albuquerque NM 87108.

Caerthen Warlord, Premier Blade, and Archery Warden Championship

July 30 - August 1 Denver, Colorado

The Crown Lands of Windhover cliff will once again be the site of Caerthe's Warlord, Premier Blade, Archery Warden and Baronial Guard selection.

These offices may be held by members from either Caerthe or a neighboring shire. They may not be from another Barony as they will be expected to swear fealty to the Baroness of Caerthe. The Exemplar of Chivalry (rapier) and the Sword of Chivalry (heavy weapons) may be from any land. The consort of Honor this year will be chosen by the Premier Blade.

Persons interested in being considered for Warlord, Premier Blade and Archery Warden will be asked to meet with the Baroness o Saturday to discuss the following criteria. In choosing the new Warlord, Premier Blade and Archery Warden, the Baroness will be looking for several qualities. The first is obviously skill in their respective martial art as demonstrated in the tourneys this weekend. The second is a commitment to the Baroness to promote their martial art throughout the coming year in Caerthe. In addition, the Warlord will be leading Caerthe's fighters in War and so must have fought in a War. No one will be considered for any of these positions who is not an SCA member and who does not subscribe to The Fortress (subscriptions will be available at the event.) Along with the above criteria, participation in the Barony, the ability to cooperate with others and leadership skills will count heavily. The Warlord, Premier Blade and Archery Warden will be expected to autocrat next year's event. **THE WINNER OF THE TOURNEYS WILL NOT NECESSARILY BE THE WARLORD, PREMIER BLADE OR ARCHERY WARDEN.**

Winners of the tourney's shall receive prizes.

The current members of the Guard, the Warlord, Premier Blade, Archery Warden, the holders of the Sword/Exemplar of Chivalry, and the Consort of Honor will be asked to return the symbols of their office at opening court Saturday.

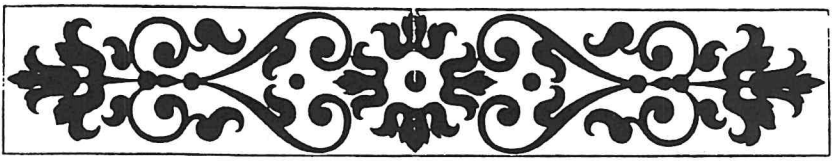
There are 10 retired Caerthen guard tabards that will be auctioned off at Warlord. The tabards may not be worn but could be modified as a banner or such. Proceeds from this auction will go toward the Caerthe's 25th Year Celebration.

This is a camping event. You need to bring your own water. Fires may be allowed (contained), depending on weather conditions. All pets must be under direct physical control at all times (this is a working farm). Friday and Saturday evening there will be bardic Bring your best stories, songs, "no kidding there I was ..." tales, etc.. This is a wet si

We need volunteers for trolls, feast cleanup and site cleanup. All names of volunteers will be placed in a hat for a prize drawing. Volunteers, please contact the autocrat and/or feastocrat.

Site Fee: $4 for the weekend (children under 8 free)
$1 per vehicle
Feast fee: $5 (cutoff for reservations is July 21)
Max of 50 reservations

Checks should be made payable to "SCA-Barony of Caerthe"



Feast: Ham roasts, beef roasts, chicken, hard boiled eggs, Fresh raw vegetables , fresh fruit and dip, Rolls, cheeses, butters, honey, and Iced tea

Autocrat: Sir Robert of the Mountains (303-233-2554)

Feastocrat: Lady Elizabeth O'Byrne (303-465-6131)

Send Reservations to:
Countess Tess of the Crossings, Baroness of Caerthe
c/o Theresa French (303) 429-1876
5341 West 82nd Avenue, Arvada, Colorado 80003

Directions:
I25 to Highway 36 (Boulder Highway)
West on 36 to Louisville/Superior exit
North (the street is McCaslin) to South Boulder Road
West on South Boulder Road approx. one block to 76th
North on 76th to Baseline Road
West on Baseline ,one block, to 75th
North on 75th about 2 miles (cross RR tracks)
SCA sign on the east side of the Road
If you hit Lookout Rd you have gone too far.

SCHEDULE: site opens 5:00 PM Friday (please do not arrive earlier - autocrats will not be there.)

Saturday:

10:00 AM	Opening Court
To Follow -	Prospective Warlord, Premier Blade, and Warden meeting with the Baroness
11:00 AM	Lists Open
11:30 AM	Heavy Weapons/ Fencing and Archery begin

Heavy Weapons::	Double elimination list
	Pickup list (team accumulation)
	Baroness' whim tourney (probably 2 handed)
Rapiers:	3-ring Round Robin
	Baroness' whim tourney(probably an escort list)
Archery:	Royal Round
	Wand Shoot
	Clout
	Baroness' whim shoot (probably combat archery, arrows will be available)

6:00 PM Feast

Sunday:

11:00 AM Lists Open

11:30 AM Heavy Weapons/ Fencing begin

Heavy Weapons:	Melees
	No shields list
Rapier:	Melees
	Bribe for teammates list

3:00 PM Closing Court
(Warlord, Premier Blade, Archery Warden, Guard, and Exemplar/Sword of Chivalry will be announced)

5:00 PM Site Cleanup

Outlands Rapier Collegium II

July 23-25

Picture this: the mountains, a lake lots of sun and a multitude on cavaliers refining their art. Thus begins a weekend devoted to the art of fence. The Crown Barony of Dragonsspine is pleased to be hosting the Outlands Rapier Collegium II. Saturday has been designated the day of instruction. Many classes are planned for fencers of all skill levels as well as for those gentles who enjoy merely spectating. There will be practical classes of fencing, armor construction and period costuming along with forums on women's issues and heavy weapons versus fencing.

Following a full day of classes, we have a special event. Milord Raven will take to wife his lady Morgan. To celebrate this occasion, there will be a Bride's Champion tourney Saturday evening, the winner of which will have the honor of giving the bride away.

There is a feast planned for Saturday evening. It will be a bring your own meat feast with side dishes provided. These include:

Vegetable Minestrone
Meatball Minestrone
Cheese Tortallini with white or red sauce
Garlic Bread

We will be providing a place to BYOB (barbecue you own beast). Fruits, Breads, Cheeses and Meats will be provided during the day so that the fencers can keep up their strength. Feast Fee for the weekend will be $5 per person. Following the feast we will have a bonfire and bardic so work on your fencing storied.

There will be tournaments on Sunday.

The site for these festivities will be Rainbow Falls Park in Woodland Park, Colorado. It will be a camping event. There are showers and running water available. Feel free to bring your pets but they must be kept on a leash at all times. The site is discreetly wet but be informed that we must refrain from excessive noise after 10pm. (In other words, we have to be quiet. It is a site rule.) The site will open at 4pm on Friday July 23, and close at 3pm on Sunday. Site fee will be $6 for the weekend of $2 a day for those not camping. Children 5-12 will be half price and under 5 are free. Checks should be made out and reservation sent to:
SCA--Dragonsspine
PO Box 296, Colorado Springs, CO 80901
Feast reservations need to be received no later than July 10. If you are interested in merchanting, please contact Lady Nicolette.

Directions:

Take you best route to Colorado Springs. From I-25, take exit 141 onto Highway 24. Head west to Woodland Park. Turn right onto Highway 67 to Deckers. Rainbow Falls Park is approximately 10 miles past Woodland Park, on the right side of the highway.

Autocrat

Lady Nicolette d'Avranches (Tracy Head)
1280 Hartford, Boulder, CO 80303
(303) 494-5854

Co-Autocrat

Lady Bianca Isabel d'Orsini (Sharon Williams)
1320 Diamond, Cheyenne, WY 82001
(307) 638-9452

Unser Hafen Grand Tournament

August 21

On August 21 Unser Hafen will host a Grand Tournament at the Ft. Collins New West Fest Celebration. This will be held at the Ft. Collins Library Park at 201 Peterson. The Grand Tournament will really be a demo, but we will be really running it as a series of tournaments and friendly competitions. The tournaments will be fashioned after the style of period tournaments (unfortunately without horses) and will be run in a period manner. Bring your best field garb, work, and manners because we wish to really look good to the community!

We will be holding three heavy weapons lists.

The first will be a "Master at Arms" list. Each round will be fought with a different weapon or style. The winner of this tournament will be titled the "Master at Arms" for the Grand Tournament. To enter you must have a shield displaying your arms in the same size as required for the last few crown tournaments. In the neighborhood of 6" x 10" is just fine.

The second tournament will be to determine the King and Queen of the fair and will be heralded as such during the Highland Games festival in September. Only fighters with consorts are eligible to fight in this tournament and must promise to be at Highland Games on the Saturday and Sunday September 11th and 12th. Your tickets to the Games will be free and your only commitments will be to lead the SCA in the parade on Saturday morning and "sit in state" for some period of time on both days.

The third tournament will be the infamous "Ransom Tournament" where teams get together to fight and ransom the most fighters during the last pan of the day. The winners will be the ones with the most "money" at the end of the tournament.

We are also planning to have an arts and sciences display for the mundane visitors to judge and a bardic and performing arts competition running all day. Prizes will be awarded for each of these competitions as well.

The tournaments will run all day on Saturday with breaks for the fighters to rest and review the day's deeds so far. We are planning to have food and drink available at cost for lunch and snacks. There is no revel planned afterwards, though some will no doubt spring up spontaneously.

More details about the prizes, times, and maps will appear in next month's newsletter. We will be attempting to create the atmosphere of a period medieval tournament, so looking good is of the highest order. We hope to see you there!

Autocrat: Sir Kevin (Dennis Clark),
1500 W. Prospect Rd., Ft. Collins CO 80526, (303) 221-0850

FARMER'S MARKET DEMO
CAER GALEN
AUGUST 21

The shire of Caer Galen will host a Demo at the Boulder Farmer's Market on August 21 from 8 AM to 2 PM. The Farmer's Market will be in full swing in late August, with possibly 5000 or more people in attendance.

We will prepare an Elizabethan PicNic as a demonstration for the public. Our meal will include items bought fresh that day from the Market. SCA members will eat the food for lunch. We will erect a tripod over a grill with wood fire to do some cooking with. The menu is likely to include salat, herbed goat cheese, bread, soup, grilled meat, and fresh fruit and a drink. Cost will be 3$ per person. We will take a headcount at 8:30 for meal reservations, if you plan to arrive later, please let the autocrat know you to reserve a lunch spot.

We will demonstrate Renaissance dancing several times during the demo. Contact Lady Francesca for information on dancing and dance practice. (581-9814.)

Anyone willing to demonstrate domestic arts such as embroidery, spinning, wood carving, is encouraged to join us. We would also appreciate display items such as chests, embroideries, metal work, yarns, weavings, baskets and so on.

There will be an information table with Dorindas (and other local newletters if someone brings them) handouts, Known World Handbooks, and local cookbooks. I would also like to have a selection of period cookbooks for people to leaf through.

We will have a canvas tent for display items and a canvas shade for the cooking area set up in Central Park adjoining the Farmer's Market area..

We will set up at 7 AM, and teardown at 2 PM. Please bring: Arts and Science items to display, rugs and nice feast ware for the lunch. Banners. The theme of the Demo is late period/Elizabethan, but please come anyway even if you don't have garb from that era.

DIRECTIONS: The Farmer's Market is held on 13th St. between Arapahoe and Canyon streets in Boulder. From Caerthe or Unser Hafen, come into Boulder on 28th St (US 36). Turn west on Canyon (by the Crossroads Shopping Mall), or Arapahoe and proceed to 14TH ST to park.

We are looking forward to seeing you there. Autocrat: Elizabeth Freemountain. H. 442-3421. W. 443-3350.

Greetings to the populace of the Outlands:

Iarla Irel and the shire of Caer Galen invite you to a weekend of tourney and feasting in the Japanese style.

Whereas I have planned a weekend to study the finer arts of the Japanese culture, the shire insists on visiting the seamier side of the Oriental lands. With this in mind, understand that I stand before you a beaten man. The rapant decadence of the shire has prevailed; thus the name of this event:

THE TEAHOUSE OF THE HOT AUGUST MOON

Combining the debauchery of the hot August knights events and the class and sophistication of the Japanese classics should give something for everyone. Classes in cooking, sushi making, Oriental armor and garb construction are planned. There will be a progressive tourney where the farther you advance in the tourney the more items you'll be getting. The prize for the winner will be an entire place setting and tea set.

Once again The Inn of the Pickled Samurai shall fling open its doors and welcome those stout of heart and limb who wish to revel the night away. So please come join us on the 27th and 28th of August. Put these unruly members of the shire in their place (in the saki barrel)!!

The site is Windhover cliffs in Caer Galen (map elsewhere in this issue). Camping will be open after 5:00 pm Friday evening. Site and feast fees are still being determined, but every attempt will be made to keep these to a bare minimum. If you're interested in teaching classes, entertaining or helping in any way, please let me know.

Autocrat: Iarla Irel Krist of Starre Inn (Bryan Starry),
244 South Cleveland Ave., Louisville CO 80027, (303) 666-9690.

Feast: Baroness Katherine Holford

The Sporadic Verses - an epistle in n parts
Being a Satire of nothing in particular
Gets you a Peerage - Irel read it and look at him

From the civic minded pens of
Louis-Philippe Mitouard and
Alexandre Lerot d'Avigne

[NOTE: Last month's Verses were printed somewhat out of order. To get the full impact of the Verses, read them as follows:
Chapter 13 ends with the line "Rambeo and Juliet", turn the page and start reading at Chapter 14. When you get to the end, flip back to the first page and continue with the line after "Rambeo and Juliet". That is, "You look more like..."
Anyone who thinks it makes more sense the way it is printed is welcome to read in that order.]

Episode the Eighth

Chapter Sixteen

Riding into the seamy part of town, the jail was soon located. It was sandwiched between several local establishments of pleasure and an Angora Rabbit farm. Although in a single night, the rogues had amassed a rap sheet longer than the list of heresies of the Avignon popes, the cavaliers were still freed quite promptly from their bondage (sometimes over their objections), when John dropped several coppers on the constable's desk, and Cyrano dropped several choice verses regarding the constable's parentage from his ever-present book of gleaned intelligence material.

Once home, the cavaliers recounted with childlike excitement what little they could now remember of their evening of fun. Apropos of nothing in particular, one cavalier, Guillaume, piped up. "Master Cyrano, you wouldn't believe what I got from the constable." John, who would believe this crowd capable of almost anything, especially since Guillaume was on of those who had to be forcibly removed from the prison, set to adding in his head a column of figures regarding the total cost of getting a good chirurgeon for the young rogue when Guillaume added, "I got some information. I heard that Archduke Sir Lancelot Soloflex is in Obscuria. He's going to enter our Crown Tournament."

An animated conversation continued on that subject until John interjected, in a voice pregnant with drama, "I wonder if he's still mad about the consultation." He was, of course, fishing for someone to ask what he was talking about. When someone did, he began a story, listened to with rapt attention by the Cavaliers, who usually got a story before bed anyhow. He told the tale of how many years before, during the reign of King Lancelot, sometime between the reigns of good King Rhinoceros Thickskin (or good Queen Anne of Creighton - she occasionally alternated personae in a concession to proprieties) the Crown had attempted to add a new member to the order of the Ruby-Throated Warbler of the Southland, the South's award of high merit for bards.

Although it was a consulting order, the crown had followed its usual policy of asking for opinions in writing, and then using the resulting volume of paper to supply its needs in the Royal Privies. However, one man, whose name John changed to protect himself, thought of a better method of communication with the crown. John recounted how this man had sent to the Royal Palace one night a choir of ten prized eunuchs. They sat below the window of the Royal bedchamber and sang extemporaneously for the next ten hours, in perfect couplets, verses extolling the wisdom of the crown's choice that the candidate be given this honor in reward for his talents in writing twenty new filk songs to the tune of Greensleeves.

"And what reward did this enterprising bureaucrat get, for trying to facilitate communication with the crown? You guessed it, a year's appointment to the Royal Standing Committee on Improving Titles and Forms of Address. So much for attempts at progress," John said in mock exasperation. The cavaliers nodded in sympathy.

The conversation continued for some while. The cavalier band eventually tired of this sport and wandered off to the local tavern for a spot of dinner with Cyrano going along to babysit, leaving Jasper and John alone. After dinner, John sat, idly leafing through Jasper's trade copy of the latest Villains, Schemers and Authenticists newsletter and considering the days events. A duel with Soloflex. This should be choice, and not incongruous with their previous plans, although it did complicate things somewhat. "Well," he thought, "I wouldn't want this to be too simple. We have to keep Cyrano interested." Things were working out. Shadrach was every bit as pedantic as money could buy, King Jocko would take himself out of the picture - or let the PELICANs do it for him, and maybe his old nemesis Soloflex could find a way to immolate himself in the process. Yes, he always liked it when a plan came together. "I guess evil things come to those who wait." He thought, chuckling to himself, and turned back to his magazine.

"I think this newsletter is going downhill," John said. Jasper looked up from the disclaimer he was carefully editing. John continued, "The last few issues have had plenty of articles by authenticists, but never enough by villains and schemers. It used to be that you could read the _Heard from the Torture Chamber_ section for some hot tips, but lately nothing. There wasn't anything about Soloflex or King Jocko. I guess we'll have to do our own spying." Jasper laughed as John tossed the newsletter to the floor in mock disgust.

Chapter Seventeen

Archduke Sir Lancelot picked up his copy of the Villains, Schemers and Authenticists newsletter from the bedroom floor and dusted it off. He had just slammed it to the floor, but now thought better of it. He stood in the room, facing his squire Melrose. "Sorry to be so cranky, Melrose, but this business of looking for a consort is harder than I thought." He paced around the large bedroom, the floor of the Inn creaking under him. "But I told you this idea wouldn't work, didn't I." He opened the newsletter to the last section and waved a finger at the section labeled "Classified ads - (13) - Consorts new and used."

"Well, it was Von Plato's idea." Melrose lied lamely. He avoided his master's eye by turning to look out the inn window onto the street. He focused on the sign hanging straight out from the building. He was trying to ignore his master. It in fact had been his idea, but his master had trained him well - to pass off blame on those more helpless than yourself - in this case on their newfound authenticity Nazi sycophant, Von Plato, who had done as he had earlier promised and joined them when they reached Obscuria.

A knock sounded at the door, Melrose rose to answer it. As soon as he had opened the door it was forced open all the way and a small man in a checkered polyester T-tunic swept into the room, looking as though he wished cigars were period. "Hello, hello," he cackled, "I heard you had a little problem and thought I might be able to help."

"Who the hell are you?" inquired Lancelot with the customary politeness that shot through all his interpersonal relationships.

In reply the man whipped out a printed broadsheet and handed it over. Soloflex glanced at it and then handed it to Melrose, who read: "A Flocke of Taile, Sq. Gunnar, Prop. Est. Anno Imperius 23, over OneThousandScore served." Melrose raised an eyebrow, "and you are?"

"Gunnar himself, my friends call me Taile Gunnar on account of my job. I heard that you needed a consort, your Archgrace, know what I mean?"

"True enow, I have yet to find the woman I shall elevate to the ranks of Royalty."

"Right, right, well take a look here...." he grabbed the Broadsheet away from Melrose, flipped it over and handed it to the Archduke. "Over forty of the best potential consorts a man in your position could want." Lancelot cast an eye over the cheap artist's renderings of the woman of "A Flocke of Taile" and cross-checked the pictures with the stated measurements.

"Hmm, let us talk, Squire Gunnar."

"Please, call me Taile."

Chapter Eighteen

Queen Barbie doddered unsteadily down the cobble street near her palace in Pedantia, occasionally catching one of her ten inch heels in a crack in the pavement. Every few feet, she stumbled, but then righted herself, and after readjusting her cocktail dress* with an impatient tug and straightening her crown, she continued walking.

So determined was she this day that she entirely failed to acknowledge the townspeople as they prostrated themselves in obeisance. She was so rarely seen out of the palace that they debased themselves out of surprise and shock as much as respect.

The queen continued stumbling down the street, a determined look on her face, her mind - well, racing was perhaps to strong a word, limping might fit better - her mind limping quickly. She had to find someone to tell. Finally, her King had gone too far. After all, if he decided to stay King forever, she would never become a Countess. And so, she would never become a Duchess, which is what he promised her so many late nights ago. For his own good, she had to tell someone, she reasoned. But who? She knew practically no one outside the palace, and hardly could trust anyone

inside it. The only one she trusted, Sir Miyamo-san had given her this card with a name on it, and told her to find that man - he would help her. Now she clutched the card with a viselike grip, comparing faces she passed to the face drawn on the card.

Finally, the Queen reached the town square. There was her man. She recognized the cane and dark glasses from the sketch on her card. This must be Birdie, the blind man she was told to meet. She approached him, the townspeople grovelling and scrambling out of the way as she approached the blind beggar. He sat on the curb, supporting a sign that said 'INFORMATION BOUGHT AND SOLD'. As she approached, the small man lifted his head slightly. "Greetings your Majesty," he intoned. She was shocked. What powers of perception this blind man had. "Why, you knew it was me before I told you," the Queen lisped in a vague southern drawl, "you really are smart." Birdie hadn't the heart to tell her that her flight from the palace was one of the worst kept secrets in the realm. "Your Majesty, I have two men who will take you to my friends. Go with them." He waved a finger, and two men emerged from the alley nearby. They had hoods covering most of their faces, but one could see the glint of the familiar bleeding bird icon on the medallions hanging about their necks. "These are my friends, Robin and Hawk, agents of PEL..." Birdie caught himself awkwardly, "Uh, two ... toymakers of my acquaintance."

Chapter Nineteen

Sir Reginald Miyamo knelt before the shrine to his ancestors which he maintained near the royal palace and meditated. He hoped that all was well with Queen Barbie - the very name was an ache in his heart! Long had he loved Barbie from afar; it was that love that had first swayed him to PELICAN, that and the fact that an entertainment co- ordinator got no respect in the court of any of the King Jockos.

He rose gracefully and crossed to the wall where he had his scrolls hung, and paused before one with special meaning - the Queen's Pawn. The award was given by the Queen for reasons known only to herself, and without consent of the King, the only power the Queen held of herself. He reread the text, "We, Barbie, Queen of Bust and Lately, bestow upon our Loyal subject Reginald Miyamo this Queen's Pawn because he is the only one in the whole court who was nice to me." He reached out a finger to trace Barbie's illegible signature at the bottom as tears filled his eyes. She was so sweet, so kind, so (although he did not admit that it was part of her attraction) gullible. It was his duty to see her safely off the throne and then take her away from all this horrible politicking.

A servant arrived and knocked softly, "Sir Miyamo-san, the King would like to discuss the entertainment again." With Samurai resolve, Reginald stood and prepared to again try to convince the King that even if feeding small religious sects to the lions was period, it was not likely to increase his popularity.

Chapter Twenty

"What do you want with me?"

"You were looking for a way to get rid of Jocko, and so are we. Jocko is going to be kidnapped at Crown Tournament. Once we have him safely away, we can dispose of him as we wish, and replace him with his more reliable brother here." He patted Boffo on the shoulder. In turn, Boffo smiled at the compliment. "That's where you fit in. Most people would never be able to tell the difference between the two brothers, but someone as ... intimate ... as you may notice certain differences between them." It would have to be an improvement, Barbie thought.

"But how did you find these two?" Barbie asked. The man laughed maniacally. "We found Jocko and Boffo when were just children. We were wandering through the forest one day when we first saw the two boys. They were vicious, snarling little creatures, biting and scratching each other, wrestling through the mud by the side of the road."

"My god," Barbie asked, "were they raised by wolves? A she-bear?"

"No, by lawyers actually. It turns out they had a summer cottage not far away. When the boys were old enough to go to school, they were sent to us for training."

Queen Barbie looked around distractedly. This place was cold and drafty, not at all like her warm palace. And who was this maniac standing before her? "Oh fiddle, this never works." the man said, reaching up to strip off his armored faceplate. The queen hid her face in her hands. What vision of horror could be concealed beneath this mask. She peeked daintily through her fingers to see the face. It was the face of a rather friendly, if slightly world-weary looking man in his mid-fifties. His sandy grey hair peeked out from beneath the helm. His voice was now a thin but melodious tenor, "I can never breathe in that mask, anyway." He gestured and Robin and Hawk stopped making the breathing sounds. "It never fools anyone, either, but our Publicity Department determined that it is good for maintaining our reputation for terror. You weren't scared, were you?" The queen timidly admitted that she was.

The man hesitated. He then took a book from a compartment on the side of the throne and began to leaf through it. Barbie could see the spine which read "THE COMPLEAT IMPERIALIST #47 - PERIOD MEGALOMANIA - HOW TO DO IT - A GUIDE, by Shadrach Darkmane."

"Oh yes." the figure said in an entirely milder voice, to himself. He then cleared his throat and started again. "Now, I will tell you how I intend to conquer the world." Sotto voce he spoke to her, "You're supposed to use this time to plan your ingenious escape. I shouldn't tell you this, but I know you're new to this."

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* [Ed. note. The dictionary defines cock = from Old English - coc, a male bird, and tail from Old English taegel, the end of an animal - of course it's perio[illegible] What were you thinking, anyway?]

The two toymakers led the Queen down streets and alleys to a small wooded park, in the corner of which stood a large statue. Robin reached up and pressed the statue's codpiece, revealing a hidden stairway in the base of the statue, leading down. The three slipped through the door, and down the long spiral staircase into the caverns below the city. They walked for several miles of cavernous corridors until they came to a large chamber.

The toymakers and the queen stopped at the mouth of the chamber. It was a large audience hall, decorated in mostly Modern Period Villain, set off gaily by a great proliferation of bird paintings, frescoes, draperies and guano on the walls and ceiling. By this time, Queen Barbie was becoming suspicious. This didn't look at all like St. Nicholas's workshop. What kind of toymakers were these? The chamber was devoid of people except for a looming figure sitting in the throne on the other side. He had on a black cape, sinister-looking boots and leather gauntlets, and a large iron mask covering his face. He also wore a huge golden key around his neck. In his lap lay a plump white cat, which he petted idly as he sat. The two agents led the queen near the throne, then stopped and bowed, then split off to the sides of the presence, leaving the poor intimidated queen alone before the imposing figure.

A raspy voice issued from beneath the mask, echoing through the large hall, "Welcome, Your Majesty. You have been expected." The queen looked up with fear. "You have a problem with your King?" The effect was eerie, the voice was underlayed by heavy breathing even as the man spoke. Barbie looked around in superstitious awe, until she noticed the two toymakers alternately providing the sound effect.

"So do we," the Villain continued, "I hope you will see things our way and cooperate, or it may get ugly. Perhaps before I go any further, I should show you something. Robin, go fetch him." Robin bowed quickly and disappeared through a side passage, reappearing with a man at his side, who looked for all the world like King Jocko. "My liege," the Queen exclaimed, and dropped to her knees. "How good to see you. I was just here visiting ... uh ... this cavern ... um, I needed to ... get some air." She stopped, cursing herself silently. Why couldn't she think up clever lies like those slimy Ministers who were always hovering around the palace?

"Steady yourself," The large figure said in a booming voice. He laughed unconvincingly, "This is not King Jocko. Meet Boffo, his brother."

"He's not? He looks exactly like my King Jocko."

"_Your_ King Jocko," the voice rose in anger, "He's _our_ King Jocko. We made him, and we can destroy him! We raised King Jocko from a mere youth to be King of the Wastelands. Everything was going perfectly according to plan until one day last year when he suffered a severe concussion during a tournament fight. Since then he has had this unfortunate tendency to have a will of his own. He no longer takes orders from us. And now, with this announcement of his, it's time to replace him."

Meetings and Guilds

Shire Meeting

Shire Meeting is held at Mistress Elizabeth's on the first Tuesday of the Month. July's meeting will be on the 6th at 7:00 pm. For info call Don Alexandre at 499-0959. For directions call Mistress Elizabeth at 442-3421. **This is an open meeting; all members of the populace are invited to attend!**

Fighter Practice

Caer Galen Fighter Practice is currently held at tScott Carpenter Park- **the park at the corner of Arapahoe and 30th.** Practice is on Wednesdays from 6:00 pm until 9:00 pm. For more information, call Iarla Irel at 666-9690.

Sewing Circle

This meets every Monday from 7:00 pm to 9:00 pm at Mistress Demelza's house in Gunbarrel, 7416 Park Lane Road. For directions or information call her at 581-0750.

Brewer's Guild

The Caer Galen Brewer's Gild meets approximately once a month (we have to see how our projects are coming along, after all). We are interested in meads, methyglins, wines and beers. If you would like to join the Brewer's Guild, attend one of our meetings, or want more information, please contact Rudeger at 776-4649.

CAER GALEN DANCE PRACTICE

Caer Galen Dance Practice is moving outdoors for the summer months! Join us on the second and fourth Tuesdays of every month at 7 p.m. in SCOTT CARPENTER PARK - the same site as Fighter Practice. Though our emphasis is on English country dances, we'll try just about anything. (!) Come on out and give it a try - the more the merrier! We especially would like to see more men at dance practice! For more information, contact Francesca at 581-9814.

Summer dance practice dates: June 8 and 22; July 13 and 27; August 10 and 24.

Calendar

Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat
July Anno XXVIII				1	2	3
4	5 Sewing Circle	6	7 fighter practice	8	9 Sworded Affair 9th-11th	10
11	12 Sewing Circle	13 Dance Practice	14 fighter practice	15	16	17 Renaissance Garden
18	19 Sewing Circle	20 Heraldry Meeting	21 fighter practice	22	23	24 Lonely Mtn.
25 Lonely Mtn.	26 Sewing Circle	27 Dance Practice	28 fighter practice	29	30	31 Caerthan Warlord

All events listed on the calendar are described in articles in this Dorinda. Call the numbers listed there for further information.

DISCLAIMER

This is the July, 1993 issue of the Dorinda, published by the Shire of Caer Galen (Boulder, Colorado) of the Society for Creative Anachronism. It is not a corporate publication of the Society for Creative Anachronism Inc., and does not delineate or dictate SCA policy. Their loss.

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THE DORINDA
Kate Loran
1300 30th St.
Boulder CO 80301

DENVER, CO
JUL 7
PM
1993
802

OFFICERS REPORTS

Christina Sheats
2940 Plum Drive
Cheyenne, WY 82001

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